A New game at Cards:

OR,

The three Nimble Shuffling Cheaters.

To a pleaſant new tune, Or, what you pleaſe.

YOu Gallants all that love to play,
At Cards to paſs the time away,
I will tell you a new game,
If you will pleaſe to learn the ſame,
Such a game you have not ſeen, (Queen
Play with all the Knaves without King or

The Iriſh-man began the game,
But knew not how to play the ſame,
But quarrelled with the Engliſh-man,
For holding the Cards ſo under hand
For he did not know the thing, (King
That the Knave of Clubs ſhould be above the

There were three cheaters met together,
To ſee if they could cheat each other,
The firſt was an Iriſh-man ſo hot,
The ſecond was a cheating Scot,
The third an Engliſh-man ſo round,
Yet he would play for an Engliſh Crown,

The Scotch-man began to deal,
He ſhuffled and cut and away did ſteal,
The King then from the Engliſh-man,
Then many thought the game was done,
For he did not know the thing,
That the Knave ſhould be above the King.

The game it was ſo ſtrange yet true
The ſtanders by as ne'r yet knew,
How the game was to be plaid,
Or how the Cards were cut and laid,
For there was a ſecret in the thing, (King,
That the Knave of Clubs ſhould beat the

The Engliſh-man was at a ſtand,
To ſee the King in the Scotch-mans hand,
Then he began to caſt about,
What he muſt do to fetch him out,
He thought that mony muſt do the thing,
And make the Knave to be above the King.

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The Scotch-man like a cheating Knave,
when he knew what mony he should have
Like a clown he cast him back,
Under the Knave into the pack,
And by this meanes he thought to win,
When he plaid the game no King no King.

The English-man was greatly glad,
When the King again in hand he had,
He cockt his Beaver and did jump,
Because the Knaves of Clubs was trump,
Now quoth he I'm sure to win,
I know the knave of clubs will beat the King

For Country-men then plaid about,
For why the King was quite left out,
Quoth one observe with due regards,
The Knave is master of the Cards,
And we rejoyce now at this thing,
And glad they were they had left out the

We care not for the King a pin,
If by the Knave we thrive and win,
For; tis well known and justify'd,
We ever lov'd the strongest side.
They all rejoyc'd now at this thing, (King
And glad they were they had left out the

A Gun-man gave a mighty crack,
To see the King out of the pack,
And said your knave of Clubs i'th end,
When all is done must stand our friend,
And I rejoyce now at this thing (King
That you kind friends have quite left out the

The knave of clubs as you him call,
Shall one day win the love of all,
Those that abuse him and his Manners,
We'l beat them in to better manners
But I rejoyce now at this thing (King
That you kind friends have quite left out the